

THE
SUGAR PLUMB;
OR
SWEET AMUSEMENT
FOR
LEISURE HOURS:—

BEING AN
ENTERTAINING AND INSTRUCTIVE
COLLECTION OF STORIES.

EMBELLISHED WITH CURIOUS CUTS.

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TO ALL GOOD

LITTLE MASTERS AND MISSES

WHO HAVE A TRUE RELISH

FOR THE

SWEET-MEATS OF LEARNING,

THIS

SUGAR PLUMB,

IS MOST HUMELY INSCRIBED,

BY THEIR OBEDIENT SERVANT,

THE AUTHOR.

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THE SUGAR PLUMB.



KING LEAR,

AND HIS

THREE DAUGHTERS.

KING *Lear* had three Daughters,
Goneril, *Regan*, and *Cordelia*;
being old and infirm, he came to a
resolution to marry them, and to divide
his kingdom in three equal dowries.

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But being desirous, first of all, to know which of the three loved him best, he resolved to ask each of them the question separately. *Goneril*, the eldest, apprehending too well her father's weakness, makes answer, *That she loved him above her own soul*: Therefore (quoth the old man, overjoyed) to thee, and to the husband whom thou shalt chuse, I give the third part of my realm.

Regan, the second Daughter, being asked the same question, and hoping to possess as large a share of her father's bounty as her eldest sister had obtained, answered, *That she loved him above all Creatures*; and so received an equal reward with her sister.

The King then questioned *Cordelia*, his youngest daughter, whom he had hitherto loved the most tenderly; and who,

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who, although she perceived how much her sisters had gained by their flattery, would not thereby be induced to make any other than an honest and a virtuous answer, *Father*, says she, *I love you as a Child ought to love her parent: They who pretend more than this, do but flatter you.* The old man, sorry to hear this, wished she would recall her words, and a second time demanded, what love she bore him? She repeated the same answer, which she had made before. Hear then, quoth the King, (in a violent passion) what thy ingratitude hath gained thee; because, thou hast not revered thy aged father equal to thy sisters, thou shalt have no part of my kingdom or riches.

Soon after this, the two eldest daughters were married; *Goneril* to the duke

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of *Albany*, and *Regan* to the Duke of *Cornwall*, giving to them half his kingdom in present, and promising the rest at his death.

In the mean time fame was not sparing to divulge the wisdom and other graces of *Cordelia*, insomuch that *Allworth*, a great king in *Gaul*, seeks her to wife; and nothing altered at the loss of her dowry, receives her gladly in such manner as suited the dignity of a princess.

After this, king *Lear*, more and more drooping with years, became an easy prey to his elder daughters and their husbands, who now, by daily encroachments, had seized the whole kingdom into their hands; obliging the old King to sojourn with his eldest daughter *Goneril*, attended only by
threescore

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threescore knights. But they, in a short time, being supposed too numerous and disorderly for continual guests, are reduced to thirty; and even of these, discord soon arising between the servants of different masters in one family, five only are suffered to attend him.

The good old king, big with resentment, and almost heart-broken, now resolves to reside in the palace of *Regan*, hoping that she could not but have more pity on his grey hairs: But with her he is even refused admittance, unless he will be content with *one* only of his followers.

At last, the remembrance of his *Cordelia*, occurs to his mind: and now acknowledging how true her words had been; though he entertained but little hope from one whom he had so much

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injured,

injured, yet he resolved to try whether the misery of a distracted old king, worn down with sorrow and affliction, might not so far soften her, as to give him succour under her more hospitable roof, and for this purpose he takes a journey into *France*.

Now might be seen a difference between the plain spoken affection of some children to their parents, and the talkative obsequiousness of others, while the hope of inheritance acts in them, and on their tongue's-end enlarges their duty. *Cordelia*, out of mere love, without the suspicion of expected reward, at the message only of her Father in distress, pours forth true filial tears. And not enduring that her own, or any other eye, should see him in such a forlorn condition as the messenger

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ger described, she discreetly appoints one of her own trusty servants, first to convey him privately towards some good sea-town, there to array him, bathe him, cherish him, and furnish him with such attendants and state, as be seemed his dignity; that then, as from his first landing he might send word of his arrival to her husband King *Allworth*. Which done, with all mature and necessary contrivance, *Cordelia*, with the king her husband, and all the barony of his realm, who then first had news of his passing the sea, went out to meet him; and after all honourable and joyful entertainments, *Allworth*, as to his wife's father and royal guest, surrenders to him, during his abode there, the power and disposal of his whole dominion; permitting

mitting his wife *Cordelia* to go with an army, and replace her father upon his throne: wherein her piety so prospered, that she vanquished her impious sisters with those dukes, and *Lear* again obtained the crown; which he continued to enjoy some years in peace. When he died, *Cordelia* caused him to be buried with all regal solemnities in the town of *Leicester*.



FLORIO AND FLORELLA.

THERE was a countrywoman, who upon her intimacy with a fairy desired her to come and assist at the birth of her daughter; when the fairy (taking the infant in her arms) said to the mother, make your choice; the child if you have a mind shall be very handsome, excel in wit even more than

than beauty, and the Queen of a mighty Empire, but withal unhappy; or if you had rather, she shall be an ordinary, ugly country creature, like yourself, but contented with her condition. The mother immediately chose wit and beauty for her daughter at the hazard of any misfortunes. As the child grew, new beauties opened daily in her face, till in a few years she surpassed all the rural lasses that the oldest people had ever seen; her turn of wit was genteel, polite, and insinuating; she was of a ready apprehension, and learned every thing so fast, as soon to excel her teachers. Every holiday she danced upon the green with a superior grace to any of her companions. Her voice was sweeter than any Shepherd's pipe; and she made the songs which she used to

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to sing. For some time she was not apprized of her own charms; till diverting herself with her play-fellows on the green flowery borders of a fountain, she was surprized with the reflection of her face. She observed how different her features, and her complexion seemed from the rest of her companions, and admired herself greatly. The country people flocking from day to day to obtain a sight of her, made her more sensible of her beauty. Her mother, who relied on the predictions of the fairy, began already to treat her as a Queen, and spoiled her by flattery. The young damsel would neither sow nor spin, nor look after the sheep: Her whole amusement was to gather flowers to dress

dress her hair with, to sing, and be in the shade.

The king of the country was a very powerful king, and he had but one son, whose name was *Florio*; for which reason his father was impatient to have him married. The young prince could never bear to hear the mentioning of any of the princesses of neighbouring nations, because a fairy had told him, that he should find a Shepherdess more beautiful, and more accomplished than all the Princesses in the world. Therefore the king gave orders to assemble all the village nymphs of his realm, who were under the age of eighteen, to make a choice of her who should appear most worthy of so great an honour. In pursuance of the order, when they came to be seated, a vast number
of

of virgins whose beauty was not extraordinary, were refused admittance, and only thirty picked out, who infinitely surpassed all others. These thirty virgins were ranged in a great hall, in the figure of a half moon, that the king and his son might have a distinct view of them together. *Florella* (our young damsel) appeared in the midst of her companions like a lilly amongst marigolds; or as an orange-tree in blossom shews among the mountain shrubs. The king immediately declared aloud, that she deserved his crown; and *Florio* thought himself happy in the possession of *Florella*. Our Shepherdess was instantly desired to cast off her country weeds, and to accept of a habit richly embroidered with gold. In a few minutes she saw herself covered with diamonds

monds and pearls, and a number of ladies were appointed to wait on her. Every one was attentive to prevent her desires before she spoke; and she was lodged within the palace in a magnificent apartment, where, instead of tapestry, there were large pannels of looking-glasses from the floor to the ceiling, that she might have the pleasure of seeing her beauty multiplied on all sides, and that the prince might admire her, wherever he cast his eyes. *Floris* in a few days quitted the chace, and all the manly exercises in which before he delighted, that he might be always with his mistress. The nuptials were concluded, and soon after the old king died. Thereupon *Florella* becoming queen, all the councils and the affairs of state were directed by her wisdom. The

Queen-

Queen-Mother, whose name was *Envy*, grew jealous of her daughter-in-law, she was an artful, perverse, cruel woman; and age had so much aggravated her natural deformity, that she resembled one of the furies. The youth and beauty of *Florella* made her appear yet more frightful; she could not bear the sight of so fine a creature. She likewise dreaded her wit and understanding, and gave herself up to all the rage of *Malice*. You want the soul of a prince, (would she often say to her son) or you could not have married this mean creature. How can you be so abject as to make an idol of her? Then she is as haughty as if she had been brought up in the palace where she lives. You should have followed the example of the king your father

when

when you thought of taking a wife. He preferred me, because I was the daughter of a monarch equal to himself; Send away this insignificant shepherdess to her hamlet, and take to your bed and throne some young princess, whose birth is answerable to your own. *Florio* continued deaf to all the intreaties of his mother. But one morning *Envy* got a billet into her hands, which *Florella* had writ to the king; this she gave to a young courtier, who by her instructions shewed it to the king, pretending to have received a letter from the queen with such marks of affection as were due only to his majesty. *Florio*, blinded by jealousy, and the malignant insinuations of his mother, immediately ordered *Florella* to be imprisoned for life, in a high tower built upon a
I rock

roch which stood in the sea. There she wept night and day, not knowing for what supposed crime she was so severely treated by the king, who had so passionately loved her. She was permitted to see no person but an old woman, to whom *Envy* had intrusted her, and whose business it was to insult her upon all occasions.

Now *Florella* called to mind the Village, the Cottage, the sweet privacy, and the rural pleasures she had acquitted. One Day, as she sat in a pensive Posture, over-whelmed with Grief, and to herself, accused the Folly of her Mother, who chose rather to have a beautiful unfortunate queen, than an ugly contented shepherdess; the old woman, who was her tormentor, came to acquaint her that the King had sent an

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executioner to take off her head, and that she must prepare to die; *Florella* replied, that she was ready to receive the stroke. Accordingly the executioner (sent by the King's order at the persuasion of *Envy*) appeared with a drawn sabre in his hand, ready to perform his commission, when a woman stepped in, who said she came from the Queen-mother, to speak a word or two in private with *Florella*, before she was put to death. The old woman imagining her to be one of the ladies of the court, suffered her to deliver her message: But it was the Fairy who had foretold her misfortunes at her birth, and who had now assumed the likeness of one of *Envy's* attendants; she desired the company to retire awhile, and then spoke thus to *Florella*
in

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in secret. Are you willing to renounce that beauty which has proved so fatal? Are you willing to quit the title of Queen, to be put in your former habit, and to return to your village? *Florella* was transported at the offer; thereupon the Fairy applied an enchanted mask to her face; her features instantly became deformed, all the symmetry vanished, and she was now as disagreeable as she had been handsome. Under this change it was impossible to know her; and she passed without difficulty thro' the company who came to see her execution. In vain did they search the tower, *Florella* was not to be found. The news of this escape was soon brought to the King and *Envy*, who commanded diligent search to be made

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after

after her throughout the kingdom, but to no purpose.

The Fairy at this time had restored *Florella* to her mother, who would never have been able to recollect her altered looks, had she not been let into the circumstances of her story. Our shepherdess was now contented to live an ugly, poor, unknown creature in the village, where she tended sheep. She frequently heard people relate and lament over her adventures; songs were made upon them which drew tears from all eyes; she often took a pleasure in singing those songs with her companions, and would often weep with the rest. But still she thought herself happy with her little flock, and was never once tempted to discover herself to any of her acquaintance,

ASTOR,

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ASTOR, CYRUS,
AND TRUSTY.



ASTOR was King of the *Medes*; he had a daughter, named *Meekness*, married to *Candour*, King of *Persia*. During the time of her youth, *Astor* dreamed one night that he must become subject to a child that should be born of his daughter *Meekness*, he therefore
C 3 deter-

determined to send for her out of *Persia*, and to make away with her child, in its infancy. Accordingly his daughter came to court, and had a son, who afterwards became *Cyrus* the Great. Upon which *Astor* immediately sent for *Trusty*, one of his servants, whom he used chiefly to rely on and employ in his affairs. *Trusty*, says he, I have an affair of consequence which I would have you take particular care of; and see to the performance of it yourself, upon pain of the utmost displeasure. Take this child of *Meekness's*, carry him home to your house, and kill him; and then bury him where you please. *Trusty* replied, Sir, you have always found me obedient to your orders, and you may depend upon it I shall be punctual in the execution of this; and
immediately

immediately takes the child in his arms, and with a sorrowful heart, returned to his own house; where meeting his wife, he related to her the whole conversation that had passed between *Astor* and him. And pray, says she, how do you intend to act in this matter? Depend upon it, says he, I shall never obey him in this particular, for many reasons: First of all, the child, you know, is related to me; in the next place, *Astor* is old, and has no male issue; so that if upon his death, the crown should descend to his daughter *Meekness*, I may chance to be hanged for this fact. Therefore though it be necessary, in order to keep well with *Astor*, for me to have this boy dispatched one way or other, yet I shall not let any of my servants be concerned in it,

but will employ somebody of *Astor's* household. When he had said this, he immediately sent for one *Ruport*, a herdsman belonging to *Astor*, and told him, he had an order to deliver to him from *Astor*, which was to take this infant, whom, says he, you see here, and expose him in some desert part of the mountains, where you think he may be soonest starved. If you fail in this, depend upon it you will be punished very severely. Upon which the fellow took away the child with him, and went to his own house. It happened that this herdsman's wife was that day brought to bed of a son, while her husband was gone to the city, and had been all day in some fear upon her husband's account, because *Trusty* had so unexpectedly sent for him. When he came back,

back, she immediately asked him the occasion of it. My dear, says he, I have this day seen and heard what gives me a great deal of concern, *Trusty's* family I found all in tears. Upon my entrance I saw a little babe lying, dressed very fine, panting and crying, *Trusty* ordered me to take him away, and expose him among the wild beasts. He told me, at the same time, that this was by *Astor's* order, and that if I failed in it, I might expect to be severely punished: so I took the child, and have brought him home along with me. I little imagined, at first, of what parents he was, though, as I said, he was extremely finely dressed; but the servant who attended part of the way, let me into the secret, that this is *Meekness's* son, the daughter of *Astor*.

Upon

Upon this he gave the child into his wife's hands, who uncovering him, and observing him to be an healthful beautiful boy, begged of her husband that he would by no means destroy him. He told her it was as much as his life was worth to neglect it, and that *Trusty* intended to send some persons on purpose to see the thing executed. The woman finding she could not prevail, bethought herself of another project; I have, says she, been delivered of a son, but it is a dead one; take him and expose him, and this grandson of *Astor's*, let us breed up as our own. This scheme the man liked very well, and immediately put in execution. His own son he dressed up in fine cloathes, laid him in a wild desert; and then goes to *Trusty* to acquaint him with

with what he had done. *Trusty* soon after dispatched messengers whom he had confidence in, who seeing the child was dead, took orders for his burial. The other child who was in reality the son of *Meekness*, passed for the child of the herdsman and his wife, it was accordingly educated by them as their own. But there happened, in process of time, an accident which discovered to the world who he was. When he was about ten years of age, he was at play with some other boys of the village, where he lived, and was by them chose to be their King; he immediately began to exercise authority among them, appointing some to be soldiers, some to be builders, some to one employment, some to another. One of the boys, son of *Rufus*, a man of distinction
among

among the *Medes*, not performing what he was directed to do, *Cyrus* ordered the other boys to take him and lash him very severely. The boy, exceedingly offended with this severity, goes away to his father *Rufus*, and made a complaint to him, how ill he had been used by the herdsman's son, as he called him; for he did not then go by the name of *Cyrus*. *Rufus* fell into a rage upon this occasion, and taking his son with him, goes directly to *Astor*, to acquaint him with the fact, and to let him know how great an indignity he thought it, that his boy should be thus handled by a a herdsman's son. *Astor*, willing to gratify him in this particular, ordered the herdsman and his son to be sent for. When they appeared, *Astor*, looking pretty sternly upon *Cyrus*,

rus,

rus, How dare you, said he, being what you are, abuse in the manner you have done, the son of a person of such distinction, and so near to me? Sir, replied *Cyrus*, I believe you will think what I did very justifiable; for the boys of that village, being at play together, chose me for their King. The rest of the boys were very obedient, and did what I ordered them, but he refused to be directed, and made light of my authority, for which he was punished not more than he deserved. If you think I have herein acted any thing amiss, I submit. While *Cyrus* was talking in this manner, *Astor* having fixed his eyes upon him, thought he saw something in his countenance that promised more than ordinary; and that his features had something resembling

sembling his own. This, together with the boy's age, which agreed exactly, gave him a suspicion that this might be his own grandson; which struck him so, that it was a good while before he could utter a word; at length recovering himself, and having a mind to discourse with the herdsman in private, he said to *Rufus*, I will see that you have justice done you; and dismissed him. Every body but the herdsman being withdrawn, *Astor* began to question him about *Cyrus*, and asked him, whence he had that boy? By my own wife, said he, who is now at home. *Astor* not satisfied with this account, after some threats to the man, if he did not reveal the whole truth, ordered him into custody. The poor man, frightened with this proceeding, thought it

it better to discover the whole, and concluded with asking pardon in the humblest manner for what he had done. *Astor* said little to him, but immediately dispatched a messenger for *Trusty*, against whom he was exceedingly enraged.

Trusty endeavoured to excuse himself by throwing all the blame upon the poor herdsman. He acknowledged the fact, and though in the presence of a Great King, he summoned up a virtuous and manly resolution, and expressed himself to *Astor* in the following terms. "Thinkest thou, proud prince! that because the God of the
" *Persians* hath placed thee upon that
" elevated throne, thou hast a right to
" destroy thy faithful subjects, and
" wantonly to take away the innocent
" life

“ life of thine own offspring? Poor
“ lump of earth! where is the mighty
“ difference between thy carcase and
“ mine, except that thou art clad in a
“ robe of purple? Yes, I will tell
“ thee a difference thou knowest not:
“ Thy vices have long kept thee in
“ perpetual fear and dread, and even
“ a paltry dream could frighten the
“ soul of *Astor*; my unconscious mind
“ has always inspired me with a sted-
“ fast presumption, that while I live in
“ virtue, I may despise the rage of ty-
“ rants; hence I have preserved the
“ life of thy grandson, the noble *Cy-*
“ *rus*. What can’st thou do? I do
“ not fear thy rage; take then my
“ life; nay, let loose thy frantic fury,
“ and make a carnage among the
“ *Medes and Persians*; but yet remem-
“ ber,

“ber king! that thou thyself must die,
“the avenging Gods will do thee justice,
“and in spite of all thy envy the virtues
“of *Cyrus* will make him great and happy.—These words were prophetic,
Astor's passion was uncontrollable, he
drew his sabre, struck at the herdsman,
but missing his blow, smote off the
head of the villain *Trujy*, and being
himself seized with a fit at the same instant
they both expired together. The
herdsman immediately summoned all
the Guards, released *Cyrus*, and proclaimed
him monarch of all the *Medes* and *Persians*.

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AIRY AND PRUDENCE.

T H E R E was an old man, whose name was *Lenity*, who had two children, a son and a daughter. The name of the son was *Airy*, the daughter was called *Prudence*. It happened, that as these two were one day playing together, they found a looking-glass, which

which was in their mother's bed-chamber; and looking into it, they discovered that *Airy* was extremely handsome, but *Prudence* very deformed.

The boy was not a little proud of this: He immediately began to entertain a very high opinion of himself, and to despise his sister. He was always talking of his own beauty, and putting *Prudence* in mind of her deformities. He would run to the glass every minute, and call upon his sister to observe how differently they appeared in it; in short, he omitted nothing which he thought might create a mortification to his sister, or improve the opinion, which he thought every body entertained of the comeliness of his person.

Prudence, grieved to find herself the constant subject of her brother's mirth,

at length complained to her father of his behaviour. The old man, who had a tender affection for both, and was sorry to find there was any quarrel between his children, thought this was a proper occasion to bestow some good advice to them. After having kissed them both, "If, said he, *Airy*, you find by looking into the glass, that nature has bestowed a handsome face upon you, I would have you by all means endeavour to render your inward accomplishments answerable to such an outside, let your actions be handsome as well as your person; and you, said he, my dear *Prudence*, if you cannot recommend yourself by your beauty, you may by your behaviour; the world will pardon the defects of your person, if they find you are not wanting in the perfections of the mind."

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THE HISTORY of KING ALGOOD.

THERE was a king, whose name was *Algood*; feared by all his neighbours, and loved by all his subjects. He was wise, good, just, valiant, and deficient in no quality requisite in a great prince. A fairy came to him one day, and told him, that he would soon find himself plunged into great difficul-

ties, if he did not make use of a ring; which she then put on his finger. When he turned the stone of the ring in the inside of his hand he became invisible, and when he turned the diamond outwards, he became visible again. He was mightily pleased with the present, as soon as he grew sensible of the inestimable value of it. When he suspected any one of his subjects, he went into that man's house and closet, with his diamond turned inward, and heard and saw all the secrets of the family without being perceived; when he mistrusted the design of any neighbouring potentate, he would make a long journey unaccompanied, to be present in his most private councils, and learn every thing without the fear of being discovered; by this means, he easily pre-

prevented every intention to his prejudice, he frustrated several conspiracies formed against his person, and disconcerted all the measures of his enemies for his overthrow. Nevertheless, he was not thoroughly satisfied with his ring; and he requested of the fairy, the power of conveying himself in an instant from one country to another, that he might make a more convenient and ready use of his ring. The fairy replied, "You ask too much, let me conjure you not to convert a power which I foresee will one day or other be the cause of your misery, though the particular manner thereof be concealed from me." The king would not listen to her intreaties, but still urged his request. Since then you will have it so, (said she) I must necessarily grant you a favour, of which you will dearly

repent. Hereupon, she chafed his shoulders with a fragrant liquor, when immediately he perceived little wings shooting at his back. These little wings were not discernable under his habit, and when he had a mind to fly, he needed only to touch them with his hand, and they would spread so as to bear him through the air, swifter than an eagle. When he had no farther occasion for them, with a touch again they shrunk to a small size, so as to lie concealed under his garments; by this project, *Algood* was able to convey himself in a few minutes wherever he pleased. He knew every thing, and no man could conceive how he came by his intelligence; for he would often retire into his closet, and pretend to be shut up there the whole day, with strict orders
not

not to be disturbed; then making himself invisible, he would enlarge his wings, and traverse vast countries; by this power he entered into very extraordinary wars, and never failed to triumph. But as he continually saw into the secrets of men, he discovered so much wickedness and dissimulation, that he could no longer place a confidence in man; the more powerful he grew, the less he was beloved; and he found that even they, to whom he had been most bountiful, had no gratitude nor affection towards him.

In this disconsolate condition he resolved to search through the wide world, till he found a woman compleat in Beauty and all good Qualities, willing to be his wife; one who should love him, and study to make him happy.

happy. Long did he search, in vain; and as he saw all without being seen, he discovered the most hidden wiles and failings of the sex. He visited all the Courts, where he found the ladies unsincere, fond of admirers, and so enamoured of their own persons, that their hearts were not capable of entertaining any true love for a husband. He went likewise in all the private families; he found one was of an inconstant volatile disposition, another cunning and artful, a third haughty, a fourth capricious; almost all vain, faithless, and full of Idolatry to their own charms.

Under these disappointments, he resolved to carry his enquiries even to the lowest class of mankind; whereupon, he found the daughter of a poor labourer,

bourer, fair as the brightest Morning, but simple and ingenious in all her Beauty, which she disregarded, and which in reality was the least of her perfections; for she had an Understanding and Virtue, which outshone all the graces of her person. All the youths in the neighbourhood were impatient to see her, and more impatient after they had seen her, to obtain her in marriage, not doubting of being compleatly happy with such a wife. King *Algood* beheld her, and he loved her; he demanded her of her father, who was transported with the thoughts of his Daughter's becoming a great queen. *Clarinda* (so she was called) went from her father's hut into a magnificent Palace, where she was received by a numerous court; she was not
dazzled,

dazzled, nor disconcerted at the sudden change. She preserved her simplicity, her modesty, her virtue, and forgot not the place of her birth, when she was in the height of her glory. The king's affection for her increased daily, and he believed he should at last arise to perfect happiness, neither was he really far from it; so much did he begin to confide in the goodness of his queen. He often rendered himself invisible, to observe her, and to surprize her; but he never discovered any thing in her, that was not worthy of his admiration; so that now there was but a very small remainder of jealousy blended with his love.

The fairy, who had foretold the fatal consequence of his last request, came so often to warn him, that he
thought

thought her importunity troublesome; therefore, he gave orders that she should no longer be admitted into the palace, and enjoined the Queen not to receive her visits for the future. The Queen promised to obey his commands; but not without much unwillingness, because she loved this good Fairy. It happened one day, when the King was upon a progress, that the fairy, desirous to instruct the queen in futurity, entered her apartment under the appearance of a young Officer, and immediately declared in a whisper who she was; whereupon the Queen embraced her with tenderness. The king, who was there invisible, perceived it, and was instantly fired with jealousy. He drew his sword, and pierced the queen, who fell expiring in his arms. In
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that moment the fairy resumed her true shape; whereupon the king knew her, and was convinced of the queen's innocence. Then he would have killed himself; but the fairy withheld his hand, and strove to comfort him: When the Queen, breathing her last words, said, though I die by your hand, I die wholly yours.

Too late now *Algood* cursed his folly, that put him upon wresting a boon from the fairy which proved his misery. He returned the ring, and desired his wings might be taken from him. The remaining days of his life he past in bitterness and Grief, knowing no other consolation, but to weep perpetually over *Clarinda's* tomb.

DAMON



DAMON AND DORCAS,
Or the RURAL OECONOMISTS.

DAMON was a native of *Megeris*, and of an illustrious family in *Greece*, a brave and heroick young man, but too fond of grandeur, whose expensive living plunged him in a Sea of Troubles, and obliged him to fly with his wife *Dorcas* to a country seat on the sea shore. *Dor-*

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cas was highly esteemed for her wit and deportment, and had been address'd by many of superior Fortune to *Damon*, but his merit determined her choice. *Damon* could have borne with less impatience the severest frowns of fortune, had he suffered alone, and *Dorcas* with concern observed, that her presence augmented the pains of her unhappy *Damon*. Their greatest comfort arose from the reflection, that heaven had blessed them with two children, beauteous as the graces. The son's name was *Clodio*, and the daughter's *Phebe*: *Clodio* in his air and mein was unaffected, soft and engaging; yet his aspect was noble, bold, and commanded respect. His father cast his longing eyes upon him, and wept with a paternal fondness, and took much pains (and with success)

cess) to instill in him the love of virtue. *Phebe* was by her mother as carefully instructed in all female accomplishments. *Orpheus* never sung or touched a lyre more softly than *Phebe*, she appeared equal to *Diana* without the advantage of dress. The conduct and oeconomy of the family was her whole employment. The thoughts of *Damon* were ever dark and gloomy, without hope of returning from his banishment, seeking always to be alone, the sight of his wife and children did but aggravate his sorrow, and drove him to the deepest melancholy; in short he was weary of life, and ready to sink under his misfortunes. One day tired and fatigued with thought in one of his solitary walks, reclining on a bank he fell asleep; in his dream

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the goddess *Ceres* crowned with golden sheaves approached with an air of majesty and sweetness. "Why, my *Damon*, said she, art thou thus inconsolable; Why art thou thus overwhelmed with thy misfortunes; Alas! replied he, I am abandoned by my friends; my estate is all lost; law-suits and my creditors for ever perplex me. The thoughts of my birth, and the figure I have made in the world, are all aggravations of my misery; and to tug at the oar like a galley slave for a bare subsistence, is an act too mean and what my spirit can never comply with. Does then nobility, replied the goddess, consist in the affluence of fortune? No, no, *Damon*, but in the heroick imitation of your virtuous ancestors. The just man alone is truly great and noble.

Nature

The Sugar-Plumb.

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Nature is sufficed with a little: enjoy that little with the sweat of thy brow: live free from dependance, and no man will be nobler than thyself; luxury and ambition are the ruin of mankind. If thou wantest the conveniences of life, who can better supply thee than thyself? Art thou terrified at the thoughts of attaining them by industry and application?" She said, and immediately presented him with a golden plough share and horn of plenty. *Bacchus* next appeared, crowned with joy, attended by *Pan* playing on his rural pipe. *Pomona* next advanced, laden with fruits, and *Flora* dressed in all her gayest sweetest flowers. In short all the rural deities cast a favourable eye on *Damon*.

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He waked fully convinced of the application and moral use he ought to make of this celestial dream. A dawn of comfort all on a sudden shot through his soul, and he found new inclinations arise for the labours of the plain. He communicated his dream to the fair *Dorcas*, who rejoiced with him, and approved of his interpretation. The next day they lessened their retinue; discharged their equipage, and resigned all grandeur. *Dorcas* with *Phebe*, confined herself to the domestic employments of rural life; all their fine needle works were now no more regarded; they accustomed themselves to the use of the Distaff. Their provisions were the produce of their own industry. They milked their kine, which now begun to supply them with plenty. They

purchased nothing without doors; their food was plain and simple, and enjoyed with that true relish which is inseparable from toil and labour. In this rural manner they lived, every thing was neat and decent about them. All the costly tapestry was disposed of; yet the walls were perfectly white, and no part of the house either dirty or in disorder. *Dorcas* at the entertainment of her friends made the best of pastry. She kept bees which supplied her with honey. Her cows furnished her with milk. Her Garden by her industry and skill yielded every thing both useful and ornamental. *Phebe* trod in the steps of her industrious mother; ever chearful at her work, singing while she pen'd her sheep. No neighbour's flock could rival her's; no contagious distemper,

no ravenous wolves durst ever approach them. Her tender lambkins danced on the plains at her melodious notes, whilst sweet echo returned the dying sounds. *Damon* tilled his own grounds, and did all the duties of a husbandman, and was fully convinced 'twas less laborious, more innocent and advantageous a life, than the Soldier's. *Ceres* with her yellow fruits repaid the debt she owed him. *Bacchus* supplied him with nectar worthy of the gods. *Minerva* too complimented him with the fruit of her salutary tree, winter was the season for repose, when all the family were innocently gay, and thankful to the gods for all their harmless unambitious pleasures. They eat no flesh but at their sacrifices, and their cattle never died but upon their altars.

Clodio

Clodio was thoughtful and sedate beyond his years; he took the care of the larger cattle, cut down oaks, dug aqueducts for watering the meadows, and with his industry would ease his father. His leisure hours were employed in hunting, or the improvement of his studies, of which his father had laid the solid foundation.

In a little time *Damon*, by a life thus led in innocence and simplicity, was in better circumstances than at first: His house was stored with conveniences though nothing superfluous. His company for the most part was in the compass of his own family; who lived in perfect love and harmony, and contributed to each others happiness. Their enjoyments were sweet, innocent and easy to be obtained. The increase of
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their stock introduced to new and luxurious course of life. Their diet frugal as before, and their industry continued with equal vigour. *Damon's* friends now pressed him to resume his former post, and shine again in the busy world. To whom he replied, "Shall I again give way to pride and extravagance, that were the fatal cause of all my misfortunes! or spend my future days in rural labours, which have not only made me rich again, but, what is more, compleatly happy?" To conclude, one day he took a tour to the place, where *Ceres* had thus kindly directed his conduct in a dream, and reposed himself on the grass with as much serenity of mind, as before with confusion and despair. There he slept again, and again the goddess *Ceres* in the like friendly

The Sugar-Plumb.

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friendly manner approached, and thus addressed him: "True nobility, O *Damon*, consists in receiving no favours from any one, and bestowing them with a liberal hand on all. Have your dependance on nothing but the fruitful bosom of the earth, and the works of your own Hands. Never resign that for luxury and empty show, which is the natural and inexhaustible foundation of true happiness."

HISTORY.



HISTORY OF THE FOUR
LADIES, COQUETILLA,
PRUDIANA, PROFUSIANA, and
PRUDENTIA.

COQUETILLA was the daughter
of a worthy baronet, by a lady
very gay, but rather indiscreet than
unvicious, who took not the requisite
care

care of her daughter's education, but let her overrun with the love of fashions, dress, and equipage; and when in London, balls, operas, plays, the park, the ring, the withdrawing-room, took up her whole attention. She admired nobody but herself, fluttered about, laughed at, and despised a crowd of men followers, whom she attracted by gay thoughtless freedoms of behaviour, so nearly treading on the steps of immodesty. Yet made she not one worthy of conquest, exciting, on the contrary, in all sober minds, that contempt upon herself, which she so profusely would be thought to pour down upon the rest of the world; after she had several years fluttered about the dangerous light, like some silly fly, she at last singed the wings of her reputation;

tion; for, being despised by every worthy heart, she became too easy and cheap a prey to a man the most unworthy of all her followers, who had resolution enough to break through those cob-web reserves, in which she had incircled her precarious virtue; and which were no longer of force to preserve her honour, when she met with a man more bold and enterprizing than herself, and who was as designing and as thoughtless. And what then became of *Coquetilla*?—Why she was obliged to pass over sea to *Ireland*, where nobody knew her, and to bury herself in dull obscurity; to go by another name, and at last, unable to support a life so unsuitable to the natural gaiety of her temper, she pined herself into a consumption, and died unpitied
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and unlamented, among strangers, having not one friend, but whom she bought with her money.

Prudiana, was the daughter of a gentleman who was a widower, and had, while the young lady was an infant buried her mama; he was a good sort of a man; but had but one lesson to teach *Prudiana*, and that was, to avoid all manner of conversation with the men; but never gave her the right turn of mind, nor instilled into it that sense of her religious duties, which would have been her best guard against all temptations. For provided she kept out of the sight and conversation of the gentlemen, and avoided the company of those ladies who more freely conversed with the other sex, it was all her papa desired of her. This gave her

her a haughty, fullen, and resolved turn; made her stiff, formal and affected. She had sense enough to discover early the faults of *Coquetilla*, and in dislike of them, fell more easily into that contrary extreme which her recluse education, and her papa's cautions, naturally led her, so that pride, reserve, affectation, and censoriousness, made up the essentials of her character, and she became more unamiable than *Coquetilla*; and as the other was too accessible, *Prudiana* was quite unapproachable by gentlemen, and unfit for any conversation, but that of her servants, being also deserted by those of her own sex, by whom she might have improved, on account of her conscious disposition; and what was the consequence? Why this: Every
worthy

worthy person of both sexes despising her, and she being used to see nobody but servants, at last throws herself upon one of that class: In an evil hour, she finds something that is taking to her low taste in the person of her papa's valet, a wretch so infinitely beneath her (but a gay coxcomb of a servant) that every body attributed to her the scandal of making the first advances; for, otherwise it was presumed, he durst not have looked up to his master's daughter: so here ended all her pride. All her reserves came to this! Her consciousness of others, redoubled people's contempt upon herself, and made nobody pity her. She was, finally turned out of doors, without a penny of fortune. The fellow was forced to set up a barber's shop in a country town; for all

all he knew was to shave, and dress a peruke, and her papa would not look upon her more: So that *Prudiana* became the outcast of her family, and the scorn of all that knew her; and was forced to mingle in conversation and company, with the wretches of her husband's degree!

Profusiana took another course to her ruin, she fell into some of *Coquetilla's* foibles, but pursued them for another end, and in another manner. Struck with the grandeur and magnificence of what weak people call the higher life, she gives herself up to the circus, to balls, to operas, to masquerades, and assemblies; affects to shine at the head of all company, at *Tunbridge*, at *Bath*, and every other place of public resort; plays high, is always receiving
and

and paying visits, giving balls, and making treats and entertainments, and is so much above the conduct which mostly recommends a young lady to the esteem of the deserving of the other sex, that no gentleman, who prefers solid happiness, can think of addressing her, though she is a fine person, and has many outward graces of behaviour. She becomes the favourite toast of the places she frequents, is proud of that distinction; gives into the fashion, and delights in the pride, that she can make apes in imitation, whenever she pleases. But yet endeavouring to avoid being thought proud, makes herself cheap, and is the subject of the attempts of every coxcomb of eminence; and with much ado preserves her virtue, though not her character. What all

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this while is poor *Profusiana* doing? She would be glad, perhaps, of a suitable proposal, and would, it may be, give up some of her gaities and extravagances; for *Profusiana* has wit, and is not totally destitute of reason when she suffers herself to think, but her conduct procures her not one solid friendship, and she has not in a twelvemonth, among a thousand professions of service, one devoir that she can attend to, or a friend that she can depend upon. All the women that she sees, if she excels them, hate her; the gay part of the men, with whom she accompanies most, are all in a plot against her honour. Even the gentlemen, whose conduct in general is governed by principles of virtue, came down to these public places to partake of the innocent freedom

freedoms allowed there, and oftentimes give themselves airs of gallantry, and never have it in their thoughts to commence a treaty of marriage, with any acquaintance begun on that gay spot. What solid friendships and satisfactions then is *Profusiana* excluded from?

Her name indeed is written on every public window, and prostituted, as I may call it, at the pleasure of every profligate, or sot, who wears a diamond to engrave it: And that may be, with most vile and barbarous imputations and freedoms of words, added by rakes, who very probably never exchanged a syllable with her. The wounded trees are perhaps taught also to wear the initials of her name, linked not unlikely, and widening as they grow, with those of a scoundrel. But

all this while she makes not the least impression upon one noble heart: And at last, perhaps, having run on to the end of an uninterrupted race of follies, she is cheated into the arms of some vile fortune-hunter; who quickly lavishes away the remains of that fortune which her extravagance had left; and then, after the worst usage, abandoning her with contempt, she sinks into obscurity, that cuts short the thread of her life, and leaves no remembrance but on the brittle glass, and more faithful bark, that ever she had a being.

Prudentia, who like the industrious bee, makes her honey-hoard from every flower, bitter as well as sweet; for every character is of use to her, by which she can improve her own. She had the happiness of an aunt, who loved

ed her, and an uncle who doated on her: For, alas! poor *Prudentia* lost her papa and mamma almost in her infancy, in one week. But was so happy in her uncle and aunt's care, as not to miss them in her education, and but just to remember their persons. By reading, by observation, and by attention, she daily added new advantages to those which her education gave her. She saw, and pitied, the fluttering freedoms, and dangerous flights of *Coquetilla*, the sullen pride, the affectation, and stiff reserves, which *Prudiana* assumed, she penetrated, and made it her study to avoid. And the gay hazardous conduct, extravagant temper, and love of tinsel'd grandeur, which were the blemishes of *Profusiana's* character, she dreaded and shunned; she fortifies

herself with the excellent examples of the past and present ages, and knows how to avoid the errors of the faulty, and to imitate the graces of the most perfect. She takes into her scheme of that future happiness, which she hopes to make her own, what are the true excellencies of her sex, and endeavours to appropriate to herself the domestic virtues, which shall one day make her the crown of some worthy gentleman's earthly happiness; and which, of course, will secure and heighten her own.

That noble frankness of disposition, that sweet and unaffected openness and simplicity, which shone in all her actions and behaviour, commend her to the reverence and esteem of all mankind, as her humility and affability, and a temper uncensorious, and ever making

making the best of what is said of the absent person, of either sex, do to the love of every lady. Her name indeed is not prostituted on windows, nor carved on the barks of trees on public places; But it smells sweet to every nostril, dwells on every tongue, and is engraved on every heart. She meets with no address but from men of honour and probity: The fluttering coxcomb, the inveigling parasite, the insidious deceiver, the mercenary fortune-hunter, spread no snares for a heart guarded by discretion and prudence, as her's is. They see all her amiable virtues, are the happy result of an uniform judgment and the effects of her own wisdom, founded in an education to which she does the greatest credit, and at last, after several worthy offers,

enough to perplex any lady's choice, she blesses some one happy gentleman, more distinguished than the rest, for learning, good sense, and true politeness, which is but another word for virtue and honour; and shines, to her last hour, in all the duties of domestic life, as an excellent wife, mother, mistress, friend, and christian, and so confirms all the expectations of which her maiden life had given such strong and edifying presages.



THE FARMER,

And his TWO DAUGHTERS.

A Farmer, who had been very rich, but was by misfortunes in his business reduced to poverty, had two daughters, *Betsy* and *Laura*, *Betsy* the elder was a very great beauty, but very affected,

affected, and proud of being thought a fine lady. She only loved her own dear self, was hard-hearted to the poor, and behaved very unmannerly to every one, and would not do any kind of work for fear of spoiling her fine white hands.

Laura the younger-sister had been very handsome before the small-pox: But this disorder had robbed her of her beauty, without giving her much concern, as she put no great value on such a fading flower. She was loved by all her neighbours, for she endeavoured to oblige every body, and frequently deprived herself of bread to give to the poor. One day as the two sisters were milking the cows, a rich gentleman passing by, was so struck with the beauty of the elder, that he fell in love with her. *Betsy* was quite charmed with
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this adventure, she concluded that by marrying this gentleman she should come up to *London*, and live in the gaiety and splendor of high life: she told the gentleman she was tired to death of living among such ignorant neighbours, and that she daily lamented her not being born at court; upon hearing which the gentleman told her she was too beautiful to live in the country, and after settling some affairs, if she liked him he would propose a match to her father. *Betsy*, whose foolish pride was highly pleased with this offer, without the least modesty or reserve assured the gentleman she was quite in love with him. In the mean time *Laura* hearing her father was very angry with her sister for staying so long, slips out of the house to tell her of it;

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at that moment a poor woman came up with three small children, and declared, that the babes had not had a bit to eat for twenty-four hours, and begged they would bestow some charity for their relief. Go your way, woman, says *Betsy*, one can never be quiet for you beggars; *Laura* gently reproved her sister for speaking so harshly, and taking a shilling out of her pocket, which was all the money she had, gave it to the poor woman, at the same time observing, that though her story might not be true, she had rather run the risque of being deceived, than be hard hearted.

Betsy laughed at her sister for her goodness to the poor woman, and asked her how she could be so silly as to give that wretch the shilling, which she had

had been three months in saving to go to the play; but *Laura* very justly replied, she could be without the play, but the poor woman must have bread for her children.

The gentleman who had heard all their discourse, desired there might be no more words about it, and offered each of them four guineas, which *Betsy* very eagerly accepted, but *Laura*, making a low courtesy, begged to be excused accepting the money; but as he seemed so generous, she desired he would bestow it on the poor woman, and she should be as much obliged to him, as if she had received it herself, which worthy act of charity, the gentleman performed contrary to the persuasions of *Betsy*, who wanted all the money herself. *Laura* now returned home,

home, but *Betsey* being possess'd of the money, made all the haste she could to buy up all the ribbands and lace in the village, and at night dressed herself out and went to the play; at this time her lover was uncertain how to resolve; *Betsey's* behaviour was very forward, and he observed she was hard-hearted and selfish; but then she was so handsome he could not help excusing her; he thought her eagerness for money proceeded from a desire to dress more agreeably to please him, and he imagined he could discover, from her looks, that she was in love with him. But the servant he had with him, being a witty lad, could not help smiling at his master for being so easily deceived, which he perceiving, asked him, what he laughed at? You believe

believe, my lord, says he, that girl is in love with you, but let me tell you she only loves your money; give me leave to put on your best suit, I will give out that I am a duke, and though I am very ugly, I am sure she will marry me sooner than you. His Lordship agreed to this proposal, and bid him go and put on his birth day suit, embroidered with gold, and come back to him to the tavern. *Laura* began now to be very uneasy, for she found a kindness for the gentleman growing upon her contrary to her will, and as she feared discovering her inclination, she resolved not to see him; but he happening to come alone (while the servant was gone in his Master's coach after *Betsy* to the play) desired her

her Father, to let *Laura* keep him company till her sister returned, which she complied with in duty to her father's orders. When they were alone he desired her to acquaint him with her sister's imperfections, but she, so far from taking any such advantage, said all the handsome things she could of her, and endeavoured to excuse her failing.

Mean while *Betsy*, who was quite captivated with the thoughts of becoming a dutchess, was so far prevailed upon by the flattery of the new fangled duke, as to desire him to ask her father's consent before the other gentleman came. She was much surprised on their return to find her lover at her father's, however, when he reproached her with inconstancy, she had the boldness

ness to tell him she had never loved him, and in a scornful insulting manner, bid him take her sister to comfort him. The gentleman thinking this no bad advice, immediately offered his hand to *Laura*, which she in a very modest manner accepted, assuring him she esteemed him for his virtue more than his riches. The marriage contract was immediately settled; and the footman having laid down the duke, came in his usual clothes, and informed *Betsy* how he had deceived her. This unexpected disappointment threw *Betsy* into despair which lasted as long as she lived, and as she grew old her disposition became so disagreeable, that she was despised by every body. Whereas *Laura* lived in the greatest

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happiness

happinefs with her husband, and was admired by all her acquaintance for her good nature and affability.

THE



THE OLD MOUSE,

At the POINT of DEATH.

AN aged mouse, being arrived at the last stage of life, called her numerous family together, and addressed them in the following words,

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My

My dear children, being well acquainted with the dangers to which you will be exposed after my death, I am willing to give you some instructions before I leave you, which will enable you to avoid them, and I cannot do it better than by relating the history of my own life.

I was born in this house, where you now live; at the time of my birth it was tenanted by an English lady who was very rich. This house was then the seat of plenty, a great deal of meat eat, but more was wasted, by which means we not only enjoyed plenty, but lived in safety, for two overgrown cats left us at our liberty, and spent their time in eating and sleeping. In this kitchen the housekeeper used to receive the homages of her inferiors, with a proud

proud haughty air; sometimes indeed she was pretty civil, and setting aside her impertinence she was a good natured woman, she liked that the servants looks should speak the wealth of their mistress. And as the maids were allowed no tea in the kitchen, she used to make her's so strong, that there was a good dish left for the poor girls after she had done; she condescended so far as to let them all have cream to their tea, but this was kept out of the bill, for fear her lady should know it; and the method was to charge eight quarts of milk instead of four, so things were made even and no harm done. The first years of my life were spent while this good woman had the care of our domestic affairs, but to our great misfortune these golden days were soon

at an end. For the lady's expences being greater than her income, she was ruined, and obliged to leave the house, being young and unexperienced. I looked upon the alteration as a matter of no great concern, but was soon convinced of my mistake. Our new mistress kept the house in very great order, and contrary to modern management looked after her own affairs, she could tell exactly what provisions were necessary for the family, and she would not be imposed on even in trifles, but made a magnificent appearance without waste. By her oeconomy I was soon reduced to feed on the crumbs that fell from the servants table; being very much displeased however with this kind of fare, I was determined to employ all my industry to get some better

better provision, and after a good deal of trouble at last found my way into the room where the lady kept her stores, and made amends for my long abstinence with a most delicious repast; emboldened with this success I returned next day to the fatal place. The first thing I observed was an engine grated up at one end, and a bit of bacon fresh broiled. The smell being quite inviting, I walked in and seized the prey, but had no sooner touched it than down falls the door of this unlucky trap with a dreadful noise, and confined me without hope of escaping. The fall of the trap soon brought my mistress; I was immediately condemned to be drowned, and the chambermaid was ordered to execute the sentence; all appearance of a possibility of being saved

was now lost, but through the awkwardness of the executioner I very unexpectedly escaped, when I was upon the point of being drowned; and having now bought wit by experience, I took care to confine my future excursions within the limits of the kitchen. The frugal way of life to which I was now reduced, appeared at first more terrible than the danger I had escaped, but custom made my condition easier, and I found that abstinence mended my condition. I have survived three generations of mice; in this house few have reached the natural term of life. Diseases bred by intemperance having carried off such as escape the vigilance of the cats. But my strength, I find, begins to fail me, and I must now make an end. Farewell, my dear children,
attend

attend to the advice I have given you, and beware of the unhappy closet, where death lurks under pernicious sweets.

Scarce had this wise mouse breathed her last, but her young family fell into mutual congratulations on their being rid of the restraint they suffered from the presence of this old dotard, as they disrespectfully stiled her; and despising the good advice she had given them, they made their way to the fatal closet, where they soon demolished a pot of sweetmeats, and began to wish one another joy on their escaping the danger they were warned against by the old mouse. But their mirth was very short lived, a cat and two traps were posted in the closet, and in less than a week,

week, not a mouse was left of those who despised the experience, and wise instruction of their grand-mother.

The



The AMERICAN MERCHANT.

A Merchant who settled in the *West Indies* meeting with good success, in a few years acquired a handsome fortune, and took ship to return to *England*, with his wife and two children, a boy and a girl; the son, whose name was *John*, was about four years old, and *Molly* a year younger. When they

they were about half way on their passage, a dreadful storm arose, and the pilot said they were in imminent danger of being lost; on hearing this the Merchant took a large plank, and fastened his wife and two children to it, but before he had time to fix himself to the same, the ship struck on a rock, and split to pieces. The plank with the wife and two children kept the sea like a little boat, and the wind carried them to an island. The mother untied the cords with which they were fastened, and went up into the country, in hopes of discovering some houses, but she soon perceived that the island was uninhabited; she now began to be apprehensive that herself and her children must perish for hunger, but advancing further into the island, she found several

ral trees loaded with fruit, and a number of birds-nests with eggs in them; there being no probability of their ever getting off the island, she was resolved to submit to the Divine Will, and do her best for the education of her children; she very fortunately had in her pocket a bible, by which she taught them to read, and instructed them in the knowledge of their maker. At the end of two years the poor mother fell sick, and being aware she could not long survive, she called her children to her, and told them she was at the point of death, and must soon leave them, but bid them remember that they were not left alone, and God would see all they were doing, that they must not forget to pray to him every night and morning, and must never quarrel nor fight, but live

live in love and amity with one another. The children observed punctually the directions they received from their dying mother, no day passed without putting up their morning and evening prayers to God, and they read their book over so often that they had it by heart. *Jackey* and *Molly* had now been eleven years on this island; as they were one day sitting on the sea shore, they observed several black men coming towards them in a boat. The blacks were surprized to see these children of a different colour from themselves, they surrounded them and spoke to them, but *Jackey* and *Molly* understood nothing of their language; at length the black men shewed them their boat, and desired them by signs to step in; *Molly* at first was afraid, but by the persuasion

persuasion of her brother went into the boat, which carried them to an island not far off, inhabited by savages, who all received them very kindly. The king could not keep his eyes off *Molly*, and often put his hand to his breast to let her know he loved her; *Molly* and *Jackey* soon learned their language, and understood that they were at war with the people of some neighbouring islands, and that they eat their prisoners. The king was now resolved to make *Molly* his queen, who told her brother she had rather die than marry him, because she thought him a very wicked man, for instead of forgiving his enemies as their book instructed them, he put his prisoners to death, and devoured them. The savages were so exasperated at *Molly's* refusal to marry their king, that they

they tied her and her brother to piles of wood, and were preparing to set fire to them, when they heard that a great number of their enemies were come ashore. They all ran to fight the invaders, and being overcome, the victorious enemy cut the chains of the victims destined to the flames, and carried them to their islands, where they became slaves to the king of the country. Those savages were also frequently engaged in wars, and like their neighbour devoured their prisoners. On a certain occasion they took a great number, and among the rest was a white man; the savages finding him very lean, determined to fatten him for their eating. He was kept chained in a hut, and *Molly* was charged with the care of bringing him food. The white man
who

who was surprized at the sight of a woman of the same colour as himself, was much more so when he heard her speak his own language, and pray to the same God. He asked her, who, taught her to speak *English*, and instructed her in the knowledge of God? She replied, she did not know before the name of the language she spoke; that her mother spoke it and taught it her; that she had learned much about God out of a book which her mother gave her, and prayed to him daily. The white man then asked to see the book, on opening which, and finding, on the first leaf, *This book belongs to John Maurice*: he broke out in the following words, ah, my dear children, have I found you once more, come and embrace your poor father, and give me some account of your

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mother

mother. *Jacky* and *Molly* were so overjoyed at seeing their father again, that it was some time before they could speak; at last, says *Jacky*, my heart tells me you are my father, though I cannot conceive how it is possible, for my mother told me you went to the bottom of the sea. 'Tis true said the man, I actually fell into the sea, but catching hold of a plank I came ashore upon an island, and concluded you were lost, *Jacky* then gave a particular account of all he could remember; the white man was much afflicted, when he heard that his poor wife was dead; and alas! says he, what avails it, my dear children, that we have met again, if in a few days I am to be slaughtered and devoured; but *Molly* desired him to leave that to her, for she had thought of an
infallible

infallible means to save his life. She then left her father, and went and threw herself at the king's feet, telling him she had one request to make, which she hoped he would not deny; the king promised her he would not; she then told him, that the white man was *Jacky's* and her father, and as he had determined that he should be eaten, her request was that she might suffer in his stead. The king was so moved with *Molly's* dutiful affection for her father, that he not only promised her own and her father's life, but told her he expected a ship soon, which came every year with white men, and they should have his leave to depart. *Molly* returned the king her most grateful thanks for his kind compassion, and ran immediately to her father to acquaint him with the

good news. The ship mentioned by the black king arrived a few days afterwards, they all went on board, and returned safe to *England*, where they spent the remainder of their days in great happiness, often reflecting with wonder on the mysterious and wise providence of God, who only permitted the daughter to be a slave as a means to save her father's life.



The History of MASTER TOMMY
And MASTER HARRY,

THERE was a gentleman in the west of *England*, who married a very virtuous lady, but having no children for several years they were very discontent, and foolishly upbraided each other, not considering that whatever is

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given

given to, or withheld from us, by the Almighty, is always for the best.

Some years after this they had two sons, the name of the elder was *Henry*, and the younger *Thomas*, whom they loved even to a fault, for they gave them their way in every thing, and would neither contradict them themselves, nor suffer any other person to do it. *Harry*, who was a fullen perverse boy from his cradle, took the advantage of his parents indulgence, and would stay at home or go to school just as he pleased. But *Tommy* was of quite another temper, for though he was a little naughty sometimes, yet he minded what his parents said to him, he loved his book and his school, and behaved so mannerly and obliging, that he gained the esteem of all his acquaintance. *Harry*
at

at last became so fond of idling and playing about the streets, that his parents could by no means prevail on him to mind his learning, therefore it was agreed upon to put them both to some reputable boarding-school, where *Harry* behaved pretty well for some time, and made a little improvement in his learning; but he soon returned to his old way, and played only with rude wicked boys like himself, which learned him to swear and lie (and some say to steal). And he would often quarrel with his brother *Tommy*, because he would not play with them; but *Tommy*, told him he had rather never play at all, than with such wicked, swearing boys, and that they would be his ruin. *Harry* paid no regard to his brother's prudent advice, but persisted in the same

wicked course. *Harry* and *Tommy* being now grown up, they are taken from school to be placed out to some business. Their father having a brother (a reputable tradesman) in *London*, it was proposed to put *Harry* apprentice to his uncle; which proposal the uncle agrees to. About a year after *Harry* was at *London*, *Tommy* went to see him, and behaved so well while he was there, that a merchant who visited his uncle took a fancy to him, and on account of his learning and good behaviour took him apprentice. About two years after this a letter comes to acquaint them of the death of their mother. *Harry* seemed very much concerned at the news of his mother's death, and promised very fair to mend his way of life, and be sober; he went on pretty well

well for some months, but at last got into his old way again. He now quite forgot the death of his mother, and in short carried his wickedness to such a height, that his uncle was obliged to send word to his father, that he could not possibly keep him any longer. The death of their mother, and the bad course of *Harry's* life, had such an effect upon the old gentleman, that he soon after fell ill, and died. He left *Tommy* the chief part of his fortune, but though *Harry* did not deserve a shilling, yet so affectionate was his father, that he left him five hundred pounds, hoping still, that through the care of his brother and uncle he might be convinced of his errors: But *Harry* being now of age, and having received his fortune, continues to follow the same wicked company,

ny, spending his time in drinking, rioting and all kinds of debaucheries, and while he is thus foolishly spending his money, and ruining his reputation, *Tommy* is improving both his fortune and mind. The time of his apprenticeship being now expired, his master had so great a regard, that he not only took him into partnership with him, but in a short time left him the whole business. The great prosperity which *Tommy* met with had not the least diminished his affection for his brother, and finding *Harry* would not come near him, he resolved to find him out, and endeavour once more to reclaim him from his infamous course of life; after a long search, *Tommy* found him at one of his old houses. At first sight he did not know *Harry*, he looked so sottish
and

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and shabby, nor did *Harry* immediately recollect his brother, because his dress, carriage, and deportment were such as *Harry* and his companions had long been strangers to. However they soon recollected one another by the tone of their voices. *Tommy* thinking it an improper place, desired his brother to go with him to a tavern, to which he consented. *Tommy* now began to talk to him very seriously, but yet so tender, and so mild, that he never once upbraided him, only desired him for his own sake, and the credit of his family, to change his way of life, and very generously offered to teach him his business, and give him half the profits, if he would abandon the wicked company he frequented, and lead a sober regular life. But *Harry* was now
so

so hardened in iniquity, that instead of accepting his brother's kind offer he treated it with contempt, and without taking leave of him, returned immediately to his old companions, who received him with shouts of applause.

Harry went on in this extravagant manner, till he had not only spent all his money, but lost his credit, reputation, and friends, and he was now become so habituated, having been so long used to this profligate way of life, that he must have money to support it; and his pride is so great, that rather than submit to accept of his brother's kind invitation, he pursues the most unlawful methods, and associates with none but gamblers, shoplifters, and street robbers; and one night, being in company with some of the rakes,
and

and bloods of the town, they committed a murder, and a robbery, and being closely pursued, *Harry*, with four more of the gang, were taken and carried before a magistrate, who committed them to *Newgate*. *Harry*, however, with two others, made their escape, and went over sea in triumph, and thought themselves very secure; but even thither divine vengeance followed them, for a storm arose and drove the ship against a rock on the coast of *Barbary*, and being very dark, many of the crew, together with *Harry's* two unhappy companions, perished. *Harry* indeed, was by the violence of the waves cast upon shore, but in the morning he was presented with a shocking scene; a raging sea on one side, and a wild desolate place on the other; and having not the least

least hopes of ever escaping, we may easily guess in what manner he reasons with himself. O, says he, that I had been more obedient to my parents, and more grateful to my friends, that I could now make all wicked youths sensible of my sorrow, and their own folly! How would I intreat them to avoid all manner of ill company, to hearken to the instruction of their friends, and pursue the paths of virtue. He now heartily repented of the wicked and dissolute manner in which he had spent the former part of his life, but it was now too late, for after roving about and bemoaning his unhappy fate, till he was almost starved to death, he at last become a prey to wild

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III

wild beasts, which God suffered to
tear him to pieces, as the just re-
ward of his disobedience and mis-
spent life.

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The HISTORY of MR.
ASHFIELD.

MR. *Sylvanus Ashfield* was born in the county of *Durham*; at the age of twenty-one he became possessed of an easy fortune, and thought immediately of settling in the world. He married a lady

lady of equal rank and fortune with himself, by whom he was blessed with three children; he was extremely fond of his little offspring, and whenever they were assembled around his knees, he thought himself happier than a king. He had a good library, and when he was not with his wife and children, his time was spent in study. Though he had a general taste for all sorts of books, his inclination chiefly directed him to the poets, and particularly those of the dramatic kind. He had a strong passion for Shakespeare's tragedies; he read them over and over without ceasing; and sometimes he thought how happy the people in London must be, who had opportunities of going to the play-houses where these excellent pieces were exhibited. This notion, which occur-

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red

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red frequently to his mind, grew up to a most violent desire. He might indeed have taken a journey to London, as nobody could have hindered him; but whenever he considered the matter seriously, reason opposed so absurd an excursion, and he was conscious that all his friends would blame him for taking a journey of upwards of 200 miles, merely for the pleasure of seeing a play. He continued two whole years in this distressed condition; and became melancholy and pensive.

Just at this time, however, he received a letter from town, with an account, that an aunt of his was dead there, who had appointed him her sole executor. It was therefore now become absolutely necessary that he should come up to London, to settle their affairs.

All

All his friends were surprized at the joy which he expressed on hearing this news, as he always had been esteemed a disinterested person. He was really uneasy that they began to think him covetous, but he could not bring himself to declare the true cause of his satisfaction. A French author observes very judiciously, that we are more jealous of the opinion others form of our *understanding* than we are with respect to what they think of our *morals*, and we chuse rather to be thought *immoral* than *ridiculous*, or of a *weak capacity*. At least he then acted upon this principle. He left all the world at liberty to think as they pleased, and his whole care was in hastening every thing for his departure. He scarce allowed Mrs. *Ashfield* time to put up a few shirts in a cloak-bag; and

though he had the tenderest love for his family, the tears they shed when he took horse were by him totally disregarded; his mind was wholly agitated by the pleasures he hoped to find in the exhibition of a play. When he alighted at the inn, the first question he asked was, *At what o'clock they opened the play-house?* and he was answered, *about five.* As the time drew nearer his impatience increased. When he came to the play house door it was exactly four o'clock. He was enraged at the porter, and believed he delayed opening the door for the purpose. However it was set open as last, and in he rushed. He surveyed with eagerness the place he had so long and so often wished to see; and at last seated himself. Mean while the company crowded in, and seemed to share

share with him in impatience; some by bawling, others by thumping their sticks upon the floor, and some by whistling. At last the long wished for moment comes, the curtain is drawn up, and, what do you think?—a man of an enormous size comes in and seats himself just before our hero, and almost obstructed a sight of the stage. This inconvenience however he remedied by leaning on one side, till his back was almost broken. The actors at last appeared, and for a time he seemed to have lost his faculties.

He only came to himself again at the close of the first act. He then began to consider the pleasure he had received by this novelty; it was really great, but far from answering his expectations. This disappointment occasioned a disgust;

gust; however he was still determined to examine the play, and to remark its defects; so that at last he found fault with the author, the players, the decorations, and even thought that every particular fell short of that perfection to which they might have been carried to make the whole complete.

The farce, which was a pantomime, was still more disagreeable, being in itself extremely indecent and immoral. The exhibition at last was at an end, and he returned to the inn very pensive and discontent. While he was in this melancholy mood, he made the following pertinent reflections.

My case, said he to himself, is very common. A young lady at fourteen, or fifteen, hears of what I may call the grand play or comedy of the world; she

she longs to be seen at this public spectacle, and endeavours to hasten the long desired hour; at length she appears at assemblies. What forecast! what care is had to be in a proper place to see and be seen in a manner the most likely to sooth and flatter her vanity! But when she fancies she has succeeded, and that she is fixed to her content, in comes a *taller* person, that is a lady of greater beauty, a fine shape, more wit, and possessed of talents which she wants; she seizes and fixes every eye in the company, and eclipses the young person, that thought herself so happy, and who, in order to catch a side glance, and some share in the admiration of the spectators, is forced to be upon the rack, and in the most uneasy posture, where this dangerous rival shines with superior endow-

endowments. Though the constraint is greatly troublesome, she keeps up her heart, and bears her present situation with the prospect of the pleasure she hopes to find in this meeting. How great is her surprize, and how affecting her concern to see, that the pleasure does not answer her expectations; she is frustrated, she does not meet with half, no, not a quarter of the satisfaction she proposed to herself; she grieves, she begins to loath the world, that requires so much, and returns so little; but this disgust fails too often of bringing a love of retreat, and ends in being out of temper with the faults of the play, and the performers; that is, the incidents of life; the perfidiousness of indifferent persons, and the ingratitude of those, who were thought friends,

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One is deceived on all sides, obliged to take a share in the trouble of this person, and to suffer the unjust proceedings of that other; this is not all. This comedy, or universal pantomime, which is not very entertaining, is very scandalous; what is heard and what is seen disposes generally the evil. Who has the holy fear of the Lord dreads being sullied with this filth; he must be ever on his guard, always resisting, and engaged in an endless struggle. Here the eyes and the ears must be constantly shut; the tongue must be almost under a perpetual restraint. What a pity! in fine, the play draws to an end, night, that is, old age comes on. What remains, but very little pleasure, great uneasiness, unprofitable desires, and tormenting

menting remorse? happy those, who like myself, disgusted with the first representation, take a handsome resolution, and follow my example.

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